## IR A I N

4









New growth from old wood

Colors left over from winter

RAIN is that sort of green.



Times of anger, of rivalry subside behind more subtle times of learning.

Through him, I met nature: He taught me to make whistles from green branches; how birds taste the weather; the easy way to split wood.

Each step in forests echoed his wisdom. Life reflected my senses, as my life reflects his.

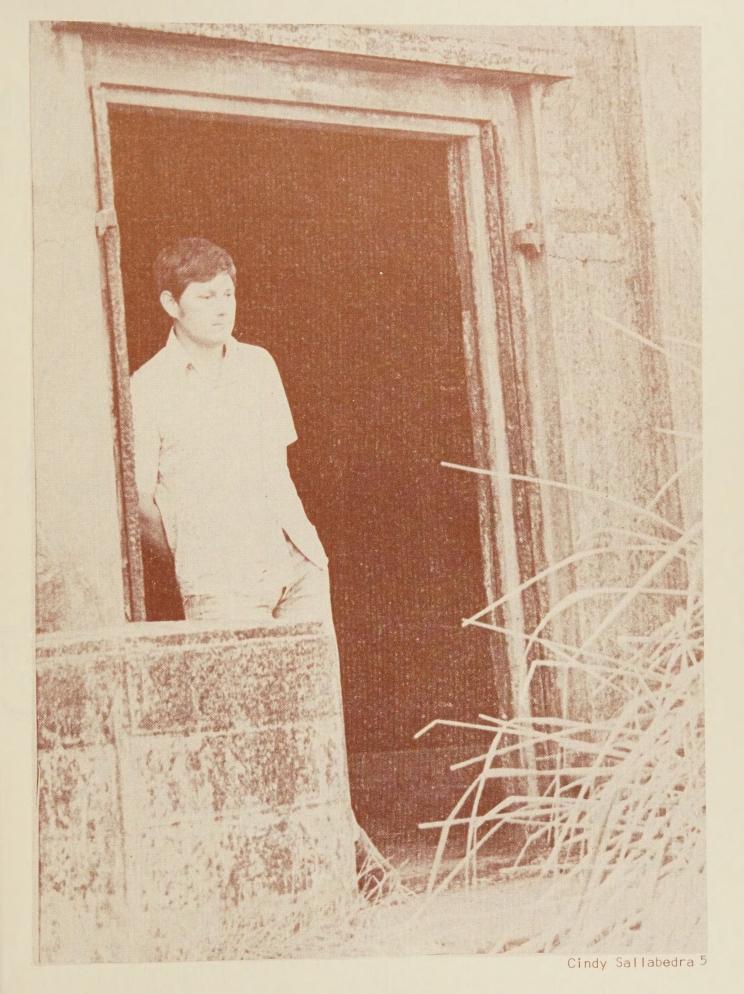
Through him, I met my mind: Word-hunger grew within, nurtured by caring hands until the garden bloomed in riotous spring.

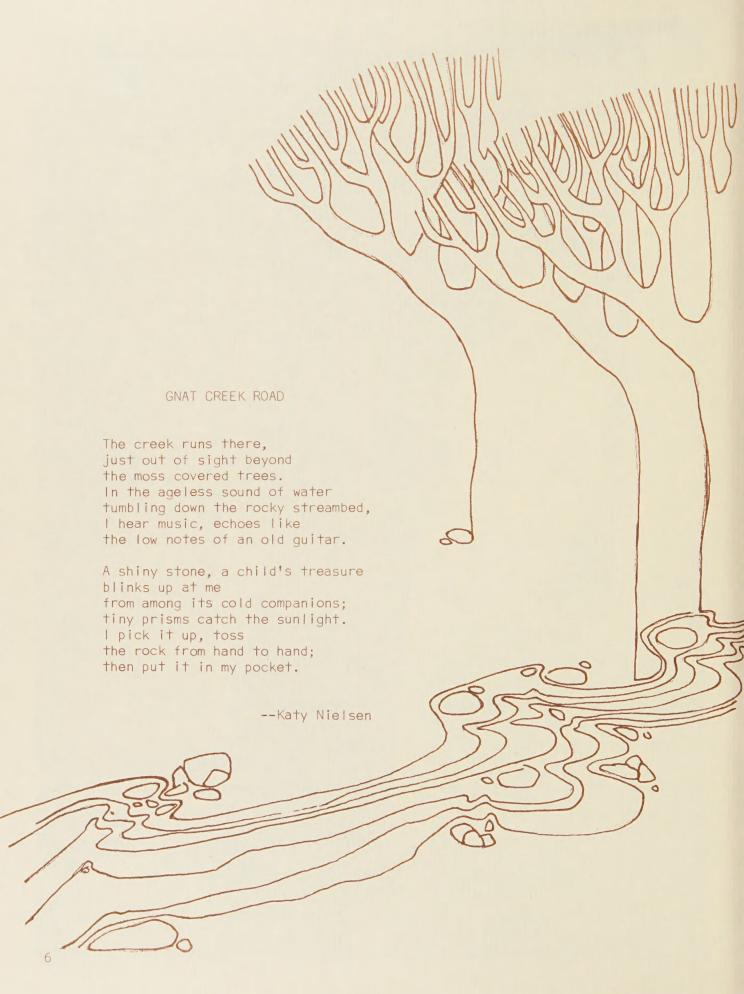
Days passed in worlds of then and now. He taught me to dream of what could be.

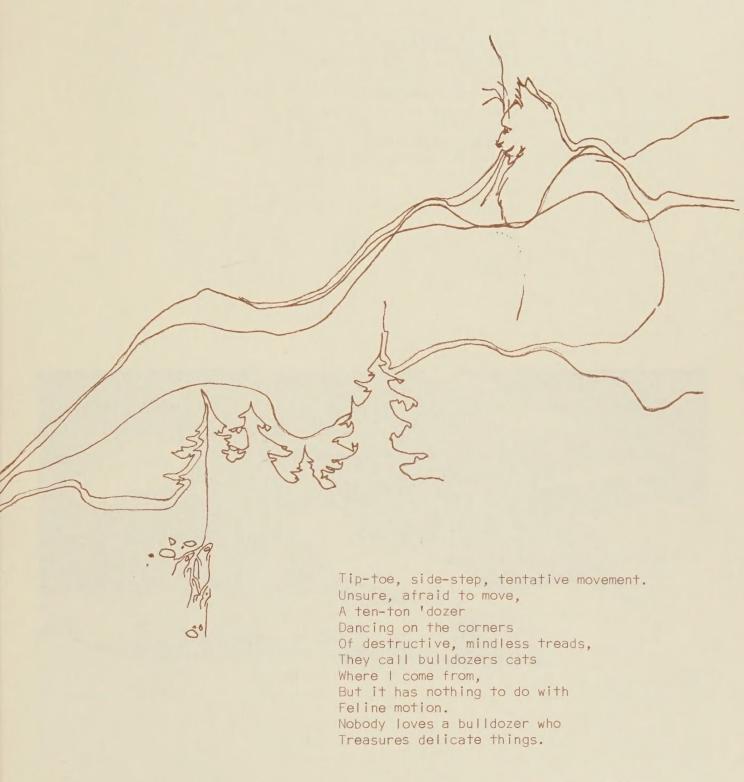
And now, in the house where age lives on, he is teaching me the feel of patience.

-- Doug Shaeffer

4 Paul Sallabedra







-- Alan Batchelder

I sit and watch you trace aimless patterns.

You question your decision, and miss a child you've shared.

Others unable to creat new life; love her now as you would.

-- Elisia Bradley



## DESTITUTION

Along the dark misty night time California coast of San Luis Obispo, A string of cross ties, once trees From a far-away forest, passes through town.

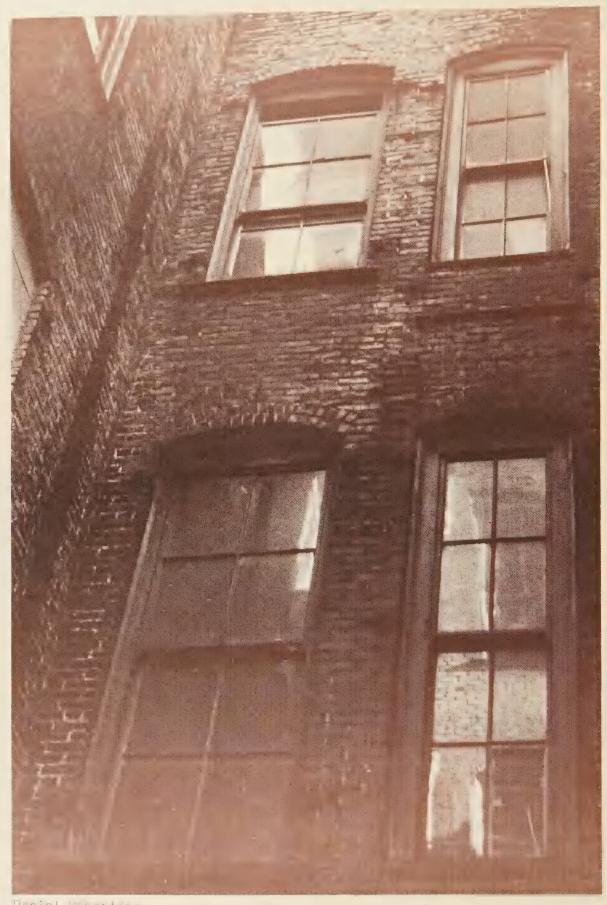
Above these ties are spiked twin bands of Steel from a Pittsburgh steel mill. Over these 4' 8-1/2" spaced parallel Ribbons roll sparking wheels of steel From ore dug by groaning steam shovels on the Mesabi Range.

Bound for King City, the wheels sing And ring under the gondolas free of load. Inside, surrounded by four Southern Pacific Walls, under a ceiling of stars, Lies a victim of the depression.

Unlike his father's depression searches, This vagrant's quest is not for work And money, but for freedom and Peace of mind.

The rumbling diesels pulsate, miles
Whistle by. Flat wheels and slack couplers
Bang and clatter; but cannot be heard
Above the noise inside the traveller's
Skull. A sugar beet in the corner which
Somehow escaped unloading is dinner,
And sweetens the journey to nowhere.

--Thomas Snow



Maniel Hobertson

Busy surrounding metropolis standing guard My hand passes gently over island grass You and I don't belong here

--Melanie Hovath



Autumn misty rain. Sibelius violin concerto Shared with damp kitten.

Head in the grass. Thoughts in the sky. Ants in my ear!

Sunny afternoon
Sitting in grass.
Departing with damp bottom.

-- Ann Myers



## ANCIENT PATTERN OF A QUEEN

The spinning spider weaves her web, carefully, carefully reciting the ancient pattern. Zoning, partitioning, spreading dust of her ancestors.

Fragile while strong she endures, laughing, capturing raindrops.
Blown by hollow winds her web remains.

A passionless prison her web becomes. She sucks his blood while gently caressing the stung stranger. She discards the empty carcass without haste. Slowly she climbs to her base, to sun her belly.

Fruitful life of the spider queen.
Inviting strangers who become latent guests.
She does not lack cunning or taste,
only the reverence to bless them with grace.

Andante

The color is diluted
Technical lapses refract the narration
Even the music is stretched out of shape
Enervated with age

Allegro

A small craft in white water Buoyant spirits and bodies accommodate The churning in the canyon.

Moderato

Soon unruffled turquoise, and
Exulted dives break the calm
Inspect caves without trepidation
Admire rock formations half hidden in the river
Chase affable fish
Wonder at plant life

Adagio

The lump in my throat
Stayed with me until I reached the car.
A simple travelogue. I've seen them before.
Why this oppressive melancholy.
A damn poor quality film.
But I am choking from the compression.

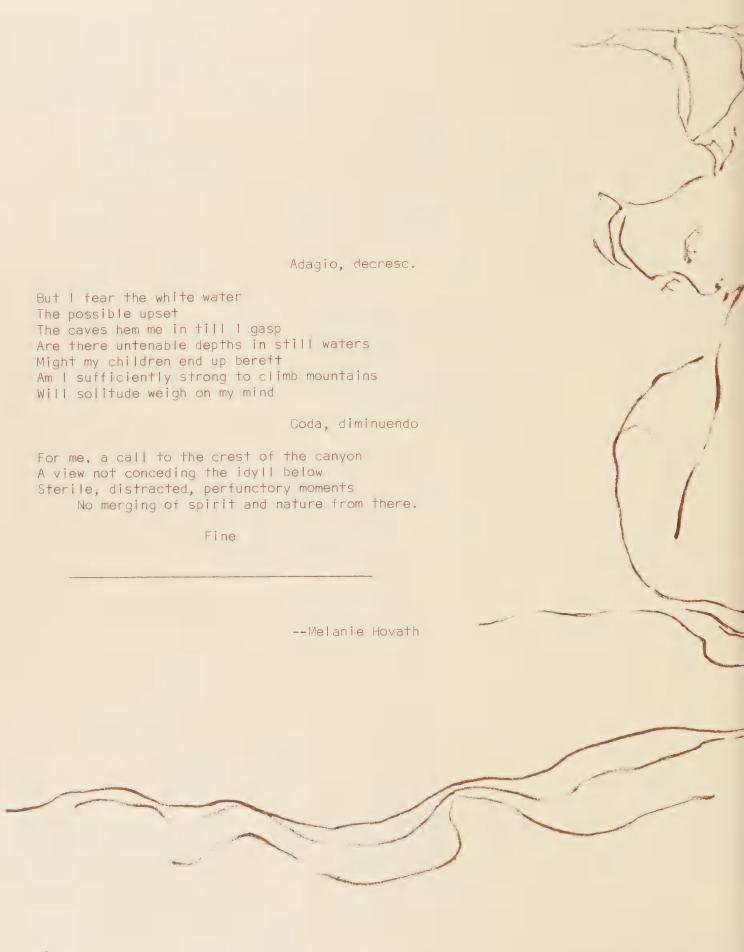
Andante

Beyond tears
Sobs shatter
Body convulsed and mind inquiring
A tenuous sanity.

Andantino

Can't I, too, dive in blue-green translucence And feel the exhilaration of bouncing through rapids And discover nature's private quiet places And taste fruit no man has planted.

I cherish the wildlands
The meadow and forest
And long for the waters and climbs
The stillness
The bursting
The haze and the colors
The bird songs and blossoms I'd find





A warm summer's evening breeze breathes gently through the window filling my room with the scent of yellow roses in bloom.

Not wanting to lose the moment

I caught that breeze

and put it in a pickle jar,

placing it carefully on my mantle-piece

among other treasured memories.

"It's mine" I say,

"Mine to keep. No one

can take it away."

And I'd hold my jar tightly,

jealous of any who tried to peer inside.

One lonely, rainy, gray day

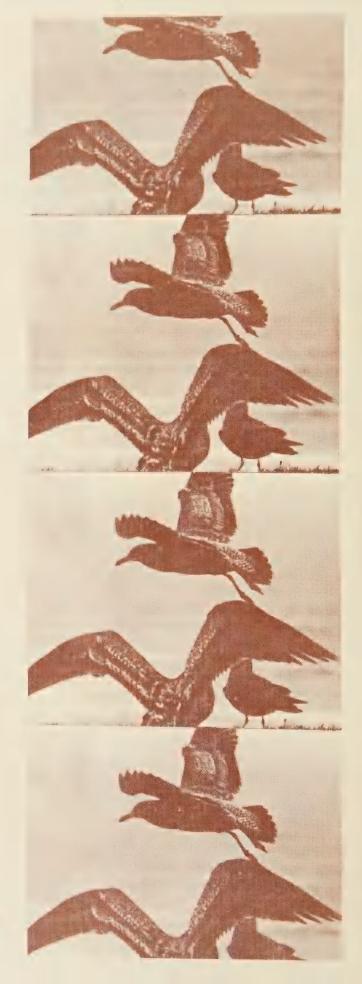
I closed my eyes

and opened the jar

to feel again my warm, scented breeze.

The cold of the apartment settled deeper into my aching bones, chilling my mind.

-- Deniece Lemaster

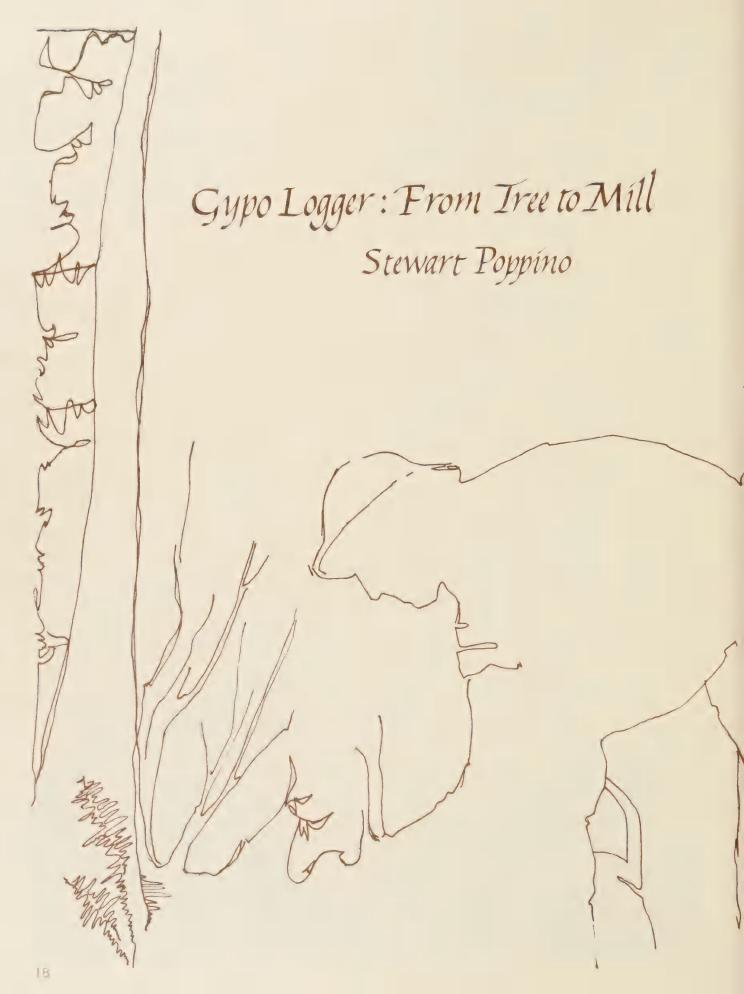


Surf Birds White Feathered Bods Scurriers, Shell Hunting Quick Stepping, Anxious Scavengers Bird Herd.

-- Chip Phelps



Ann Myers 17





At 5' 10" and 130 pounds David Holmes doesn't fit the stereotype of the big burly log truck driver. Being only twenty years old sets him even farther apart from most in his line, but at this moment he is barreling down Highway 202 with twenty five tons of wood on his '73 Kenworth headed for St. Helens.

"If you write anything about me, call me an owner-operator," he says.

He is the newest and youngest partner in Holmes Logging and he isn't too sure right now if he likes that or not.

"I was down at the shop last night 'til after nine helping Andrej (Raichl, one of his other drivers) get his trailer back together."

He got up at four this morning and misses his sleep. Losing sleep isn't his only complaint.

"My drivers make more money than I do. I only drew \$6000 last year and none of my drivers made less than twice that. I pay my drivers less than most and I can barely afford that."

The reason for this he says are the outrageous rates he has to pay for workmen's compensation insurance.

"It goes up every year. It's over \$30 per hundred now. For every hundred dollars they gross I have to pay \$30 (insurance). I have to pay the same rate that Robin (his brother) pays for a choker-setter. The old man (Don Holmes, his father) pays less than half that for his rock truck drivers."

He also complains of not getting enough time to himself.

"I bought a boat and I never get to play with it."

He does have a sense of humor about his toys though.

"I buy a \$7000 boat and live in a \$3000 trailer house and Andrej lives in an \$8000 trailer and buys a \$3000 boat."

We're leaving Highway 202 now and turning onto Scappoose Mountain road. Andrej is right behind us in David's number 3 truck. They chatter on the CB:

David: "You won't be able to stay so close behind on the hill."

Andrej: "We'll see."

David: "Not me you won't."

"This is where the turbo does some good." says David.

"We've both got the same engine

but mine's turbocharged. What really makes the difference is the gears. He'll have to drop down into low range to pull this hill but with my two-speed rear ends I can stay in fifth gear all the way over."

A couple of miles down the road the hill begins to climb. David begins grabbing gears in his thirteen speed transmission, double-clutching as he slides the stick toward the correct hole. The splits are picked up with an air toggle in the shift knob. It makes a "pffut" and with a tap on the throt-

tle and a quick stab at the clutch he meshes a lower gear. We start to pull down as we go through an area that has just been clear-cut by Crown Zellerbach and is still being logged. Andrej is a little farther back now but now David wants to put him even farther behind.

"If I can get this shift without the rearends screwing up we've got him beat."

He pops the dash-mounted lever for the rear end shift to "low" and the splitter toggle to "high" with another "pffut." Air pressure will do most of the physical labor on this shift. He pokes the clutch, gooses the throttle, waits a second for that reassuring "thunk" when the rear ends shift, and releases the clutch.

"Now we've got him." David grins and picks up the CB mike:

David: "We'll see you at the mill."

Andrej: "10-4."

Holmes Logging is the partnership of David, his father Don, and brother Robin. David became a partner two and a half years ago when he became old enough, at eighteen, to finally drive log truck. He had driven rock truck and run "shovel," log loader, for his brother.

Holmes Logging began over fifteen years ago as Holmes and Larson Logging with Don and his partner Fred Larson. They both had experience logging, but Don had just come from eastern Oregon. His gold mining operation was shut down

when he couldn't keep his silt from returning to the stream he was working.

When they started, Don and Fred had but one "gas-pot" log truck and an old cat. They would both log and load with the cat using a brow log to load. They pushed the logs over the brow log and onto the truck. Fred was killed in 1967 when he overturned his cat while pioneering road. Don ran the outfit by himself for a while and made Robin a partner when he turned eighteen in 1968. Now Robin runs the logging division with the tower and yarder, two

skidders, two cats and two log loaders. Don runs the construction division with two D-9 cats, five rock trucks, two graders and one front-end loader. David runs the log trucking division with three trucks, two '73 Kenworths that he owns, and one '67 Peterbilt that his father owns.

We roll into the yard at Multnomah Plywood's mill a mile or two south of St.
Helens. David jumps out

and takes off the two center straps and binders that secure his load while under way and make him legal. We have to wait for another truck to get unloaded, so we drink a cup of coffee from one of three thermoses. He packs three thermoses because "Sometimes I like coffee, sometimes I like tea, and the orange juice is good for you. That's what they tell me anyway."

Lunch is what he calls "tuna glue" sandwiches and pastry.

The other truck moves out so we move ahead. David lines his load up with the forks on the stacker, or "gobbler," as most truckers call the monster machines used to handle logs and unload trucks in millyards. The huge machine moves forward with jaws open until it is up against the load, then "gobbles" it. David jumps out with plastic hardhat on and removes the other two straps and binders while the "gobbler" waits. Then the stacker picks up the load and waddles off to deposit it in the appropriate pile. While it is gone, David disconnects the air and electrical lines for the trailer and opens the hitch. By then the "gobbler" is back and inside of a minute it loads the trailer on the truck and we are on our way again just as Andraia and the interest of the state of

drej pulls into the yard.

Holmes' do most of their logging for Multnomah but lately have done quite a bit for Crown Zellerbach. A complete logging company, they get the logs from the forest to the mill. They have their own fallers and do their own yarding, loading, and hauling. Occasionally they hire outside fallers and usually have from two to five hired

trucks, but they handle the entire contract themselves.

The timber is usually purchased from the State Forestry Department and on occasion from private holdings by the lumber or plywood company. When the State Forestry Department decides it has a sale they publish the particulars—location, species of trees, volume in thousands of board feet, and minimum bid—to the lumber companies.

If the lumber company sees one that is right for them they send out a log buyer to go out with Robin or Don and they will look at the sále and try to decide on a logging price. The timber buyer for Multnomah Plywood is Vic King and usually when he and Robin look at a sale they argue about the logging price.

"You've got to come lower than that."

"The hell I can. I'm losing my

ass right now."

After some agreement is hashed out the company decides what they can pay for the timber and still make money. The bidding is oral and though live never been to a sale live been told they can be quite entertaining when two or more companies want the same sale badly enough. A fist fight has been known to happen, though rarely.

Holmes' get most of their wood from clearcut sales with their Skagit yarder and its 95-foot Skookum tower. And they yard right-of-ways for roads and thinning sales with the two skidders and occasionally with the D-7 cat.

They also build their own roads. The State Forestry Department began a program for a network of roads in Clatsop County a few years back and Holmes' got in at the beginning, not only for the money, but also because if they didn't build the roads there would be no roads into the timber sales. There have been hundreds of miles of logging roads built in Clatsop County in the last few years and a great share of these have been built by Holmes' using their two D-9 cats and five l0-yard rock trucks. Lately the State Forestry

has taken to building their roads with crushed rock because it makes a smoother

road.

David does not like this.

"Look at the shortcut on Sager Creek." He says. We've been hauling on it for less than a month and it's already all wallowed out. That's what broke Andrej's trailer yesterday.

We've left Highway 30 from Scappoose and are headed back up Scappoose Mountain Road, headed for the landing and another

load. We meet Dick Adams who hauls for Holmes' as we start up the mountain. On the CB:

Dick: "What'd you do, fly?"

David: "No, I just fell off the mountain kinda fast."

Dick: "Where's Streaker?" (Andrej's CB handle)

David: "Oh he's about ten minutes back."

Dick: "He fell off the mountain too?"

David: "Yeah, I guess. Well we'll catch yah later. Gotta get on outa here and get another one. We gone."

Dick: "Yeah, 10-fer."

"I really like driving truck but the hassles can get me down," David says. He has decided to sell his two trucks and buy one new one.

"The only way to run trucks is to run one by yourself or twenty five with somebody else running them for you." His father doesn't think much of it.

"He almost flipped when I told him. Said 'What the hell you gonna do

that for?' I think he's about over it now."

David has decided he wants a new Peterbilt with "lots of chrome to shine." He's also getting it with a 400 horsepower Cummins so he can "go up hills like the big guys."

"I know I can't go any faster on 202 but on the Sunset Highway and over the hills I can go faster. Maybe get

me home faster."

There is also a lot of status in owning a new and powerful truck. Two of the "big guys" are Dave Stangel and

Clive Bigelow, drivers he broke in himself and who now work for other people. Both drive new trucks with 400 Cummins, so he feels left out.

Now we're bouncing down Highway 202 a mile or two from Mist.

"Nice stretch of road,

The State Highway Department has a crew out putting cold patch in the potholes.

"Tomorrow it'll all be gone. They're about as smart as the forestry when it comes to roads."

We've passed through Mist and Birkenfield now and are turning off the highway onto Sager Creek Road about tenmiles south of Jewell. The first hundred yards of the road is incredibly rough.

"This is county road, the first few yards. The forestry won't touch it. The county never thinks about it. It's too far out." The CB crackles:

Voice: "Hey Bluehawk (David's CB handle). You in there?"

David: "Yeah. What's your 20, Little Foot?" (CB handle for Frenchy LaPerry, his other driver.)

After some more crackling and buzzing, Frenchy comes back.

Frenchy: "Come back when you're closer."

David: "Yeah. 10-4." A mile or two farther up the road he tries again.

David: "How 'bout it Little Foot?

What's your 20?"

Frenchy: "I'm up here at the top of the shortcut. I'm kinda in the ditch."

David: "Okay. I'll be up in a minute."

In a few minutes we reach the top of the short cut, about three miles of steep, narrow, crushed rock road with huge holes and wallows.

As we round the last corner at the top we can see his "Pete." It's sitting halfway off the road on a badly punched-out section of road and Frenchy is pacing up and down in front of it.

"I was just trying to roll out some of this soft spot and the trailer

got away from me."

"Yeah," says David. It's not hard to do. | almost lost it last trip."

Another truck has gone in before us to send out a skidder to rescue him, so we use what little room is left to go around and head for the landing. When we get there the other truck is loaded and ready to go so David backs down under the loader below the tower.

They are loading with two loaders today. One

works under the tower taking the logs that the yarder brings in and the other up the road loading out what the skidders bring in. Within ten minutes the loader stacks 5000 board feet onto David's truck. Then he throws and binds two cable straps over the load to leave the landing.

Andrej has arrived and Robin waves him down to load under the other loader blocking the road. David does a slow burn.

"That's about the stupidest thing I've seen all day."

Robin has decided to load out the smaller logs that go to a different mill and begins to pick through the deck to find them. Fifteen minutes later and he still hasn't filled the bunks between the stakes on Andrej's truck. David remains silent but his face gets redder. Andrej wanders down to shoot the breeze but before he's here five minutes Robin waves to him to move the truck.

It's too much for David. He's had enough of his time wasted. He jumps out the door of the truck shouting,



"That's just fine, you son of a bitch."

Robin flies out of the loader cab and they meet in middle ground to hold a shouting match. In about thirty seconds, with the final "I'm about tired of your crap" from Robin it's all over.

"I've gotten so I get along with everybody else but sometimes me and Robin don't get along so well," he says with a little smile. Andrej is loaded in about an hour and David's face returns to its normal color as we head out on the final trip of the day, his third.

They all have their < toys. Don is a pilot and owns his own Piper Super Cub. He doesn't fly as often as he used to. He says he is too busy any more. Robin and David both have dirt bikes. Neither racer material yet but they both have a good time. David just bought a 19-foot boat a couple of months ago and until he gets his new truck it's his pride and joy. He likes to take it out in the Columbia when it's halfway smooth.

"I'd like to be able to hold a drink in my hand without spilling it all over."

After an uneventful two hour trip we once again pull into the millyard at Multnomah. This time there is no waiting but the evening shift has come on and with it another "gobbler" operator. "He hasn't been here very long. I don't think he knows quite what he's doing yet."

He can't be too bad though. He got the load off without any difficulties and had only a slight case of the stutters getting the trailer back on.

"Gee," says David with more than a hint of sarcasm, "he must be having a good day. Let's get the hell out of here. Gotta find the nearest liquor store and someplace to grab a sixpack for the road home."

Scappoose has a liquor store right on Highway 30 and we find a place to park just a few blocks away. Since David isn't legal yet I'm elected to do the walking. Within fifteen minutes

I've hit both the liquor store and a carry-out for a six-pack and we're on our way. David will take Cornelius Pass Road to the Sunset Highway and home to Elsie.

David plans to get married in June to Kelly Beckman, a junior at Jewell High School. "We were going to wait but she promised to finish school so we're gonna go ahead with it. We haven't set a date yet because her brother Mike enlisted in the Army and we don't know if they'll give him a delay or let him out for the wedding."

David wants a simple wedding but his father doesn't. "He wants to make a big deal out of it, but as soon somebody could show up in their hickory shirt and blue jeans and feel comfortable."

He feels he may have to make a compromise. "Kelly's making dresses for her bridesmaids so I guess I'll have to dress up a little."

In not much more than an hour we pull back into Elsie to the company shop and replace the eighty five gallons of diesel fuel used today in the truck's tanks. David makes a walkaround with a hammer and checks all his tires.

"Hell, they're all round yet. Amazing."

With the tanks topped off we jump back in the cab and head for his trailer down the Jewell road a few miles.

"What time you got?" asks David.

"Oh a little after six."

"Gee, eighteen and a half hours yesterday and thirteen and a half today. Maybe I ought to go to work by the hour. Ah the hell with it. Let's go

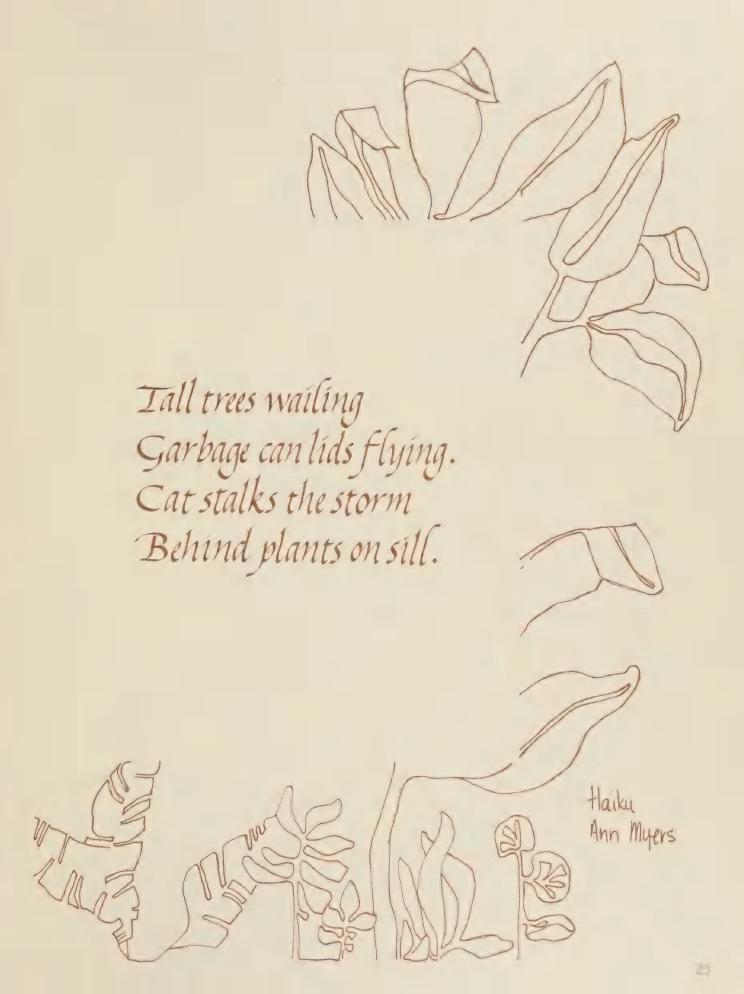




-- Dian Williams

not secondhand from a window-seat
but over dusky red bridges
a rainforest flavored with
Uncle Ned's beard, the leafy
loop of plausible green
a treefroq
unmasking the harsh breath your
private wildlife crouched
underlying the Caribe blue butterfly

24



## AFTER ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

well we fit together

I want to throw my leg

over your shoulder this morning

like the Kau Nuba woman choosing her mate

your face in front of me the long night

as tho I slept with my eyes open your hands

strong and clean against the wood sorting

my fingers as if they were jewels your sweet breath

sifts through your moustache and I can't come to you

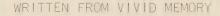
now wanting you no less perhaps more than

morning tide pushing against the seawall even in sunshine

I know you are there and I am sitting somewhere soft

behind your eyes.

-- Dian Williams



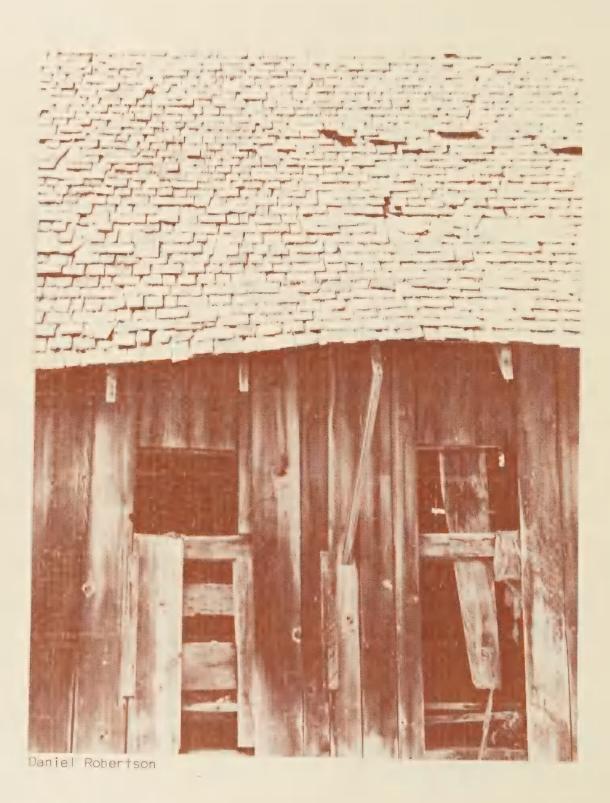
july sometime,
ten a.m.
there's a bus every ten minutes
down Wilshire Boulevard
and on the bus bench
at Westwood
among suit-and-tied businessmen
the youngsters sit
nonchalantly
in bright-colored bathing suits
clutching rolled towels
and surfboards
all waiting for the bus
for santa monica
for their own
very different
reasons

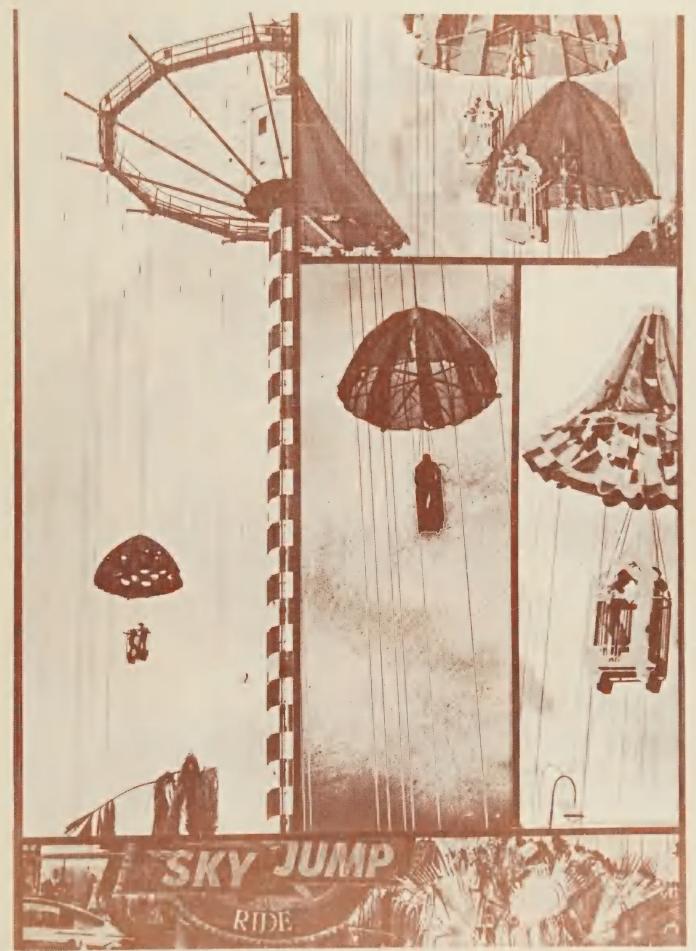
july sometime,
late afternoon
two straw-haired girls
await a bus
beneath an old high school billboard
with faded letters reading,
"FAREWELL SENIORS"
as the setting sun streaks
across the girls' faces
lines are minutely forming
and suddenly they look old

july sometime, any sometime many times i have wished i had had a camera

-- Janice Leber

Martha E. Johnson

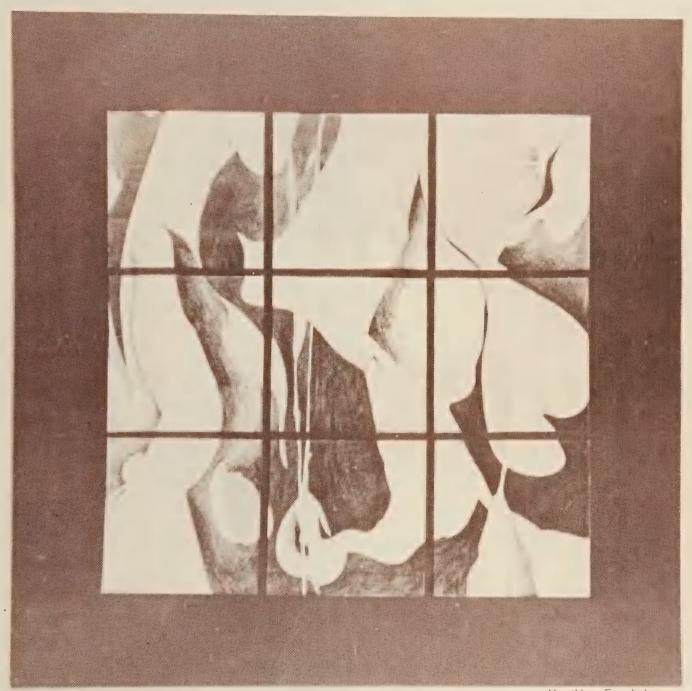






ARTISTS FROOF THE FACTORY LICRXER

talk Paley 111



Martha E. Johnson



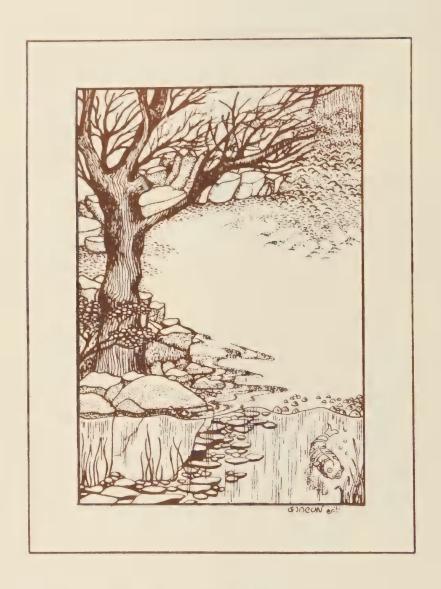


Last evening
While you bathed in moon's glow,
Your petals spread wide, moist,
Your female parts revealed;
I longed to gather you in.

I longed to press my face warmly
Into your sex, to fill my nostrils
With your soft pollens,
To line the membranes of my nose and mouth
With your sickly sweet nectars.

Your velvet odors aroused unknown instincts Locked in my womb; Our femaleness combined as one. Your richness drew my hands around you In gentle caress.

Blindly I watched as you Swirled in single spasm, Your colors caught like Chards of broken glass as you Twirled in that moonbath moment.



Parched Earth

No Rain Or Snow

People Playing Outside

Worry . . . How Does Bottom Look Now?

Drought It??

-- Chip Phelps



#### A POEM

As a young boy I could Piss with the best of them, And often did.

Alongside my brother And the Veerkamp boys, I would fill the bowl And shade the room with Frothy steam and human Scent. To close the Door would have been Wrong.

Sometime later I learned To piss alone. Now I Stand solo over an empty Toilet and quietly drain Away the memories of That childhood fellowship.

-- Aubrey Compton

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#### MOON POEM

she learned to take home to her heart what was truly hers the moon tugged, rising and

falling in the fog
a silhouette
against the rocks at night
her dreams

the lavender sunset the red

eye of dawn upon her

breast she was beginning to own

herself

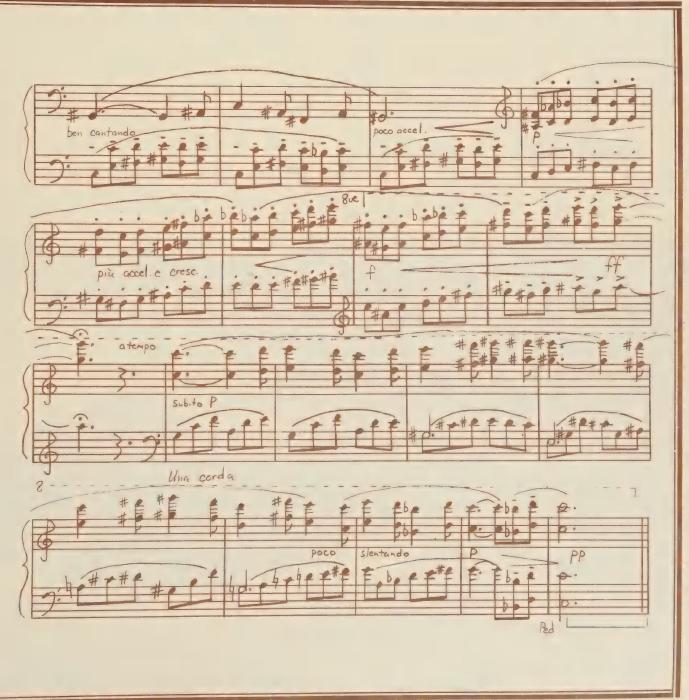
her right hand where the index fingernail broke off while she spread the freshly ironed sheets on another's bed she didn't mind it was all hers this natural rhythm announced itself each day with no thought of before with her jogging shoes she ran to meet the waves never turning her back against the sea she trusted the moon she knew the big one it could come anytime when she least expected there was a difference each night she watched its sliver growing fat with hours of black stars shining thru the stumbling of her feet quiet now with her own

released blood

tides perfectly matched was there such a thing she remembered her dream the tidal wave crashing down on her house that was months ago what did it mean now she wondered the sign into thought the threatening undertow of sound the words you cannot love the fish until you fold your arms around yourself swimming the fish irridescent and blue she spied the gray gangly mass his slow motion leap frog along the ocean floor the octopus unaware her swimming beside him the brain coral unfolding its design the ancient mothers weaving it into their rough wool rugs with root brown and berry reds the square design a half square joining a half square -- Dian Williams

# Bagatelle-Chris Parker





Spring fever.
Winter storm.
Ice drops can't decide.

--Ann Myers

Merchant
Lighted Sea Horse
Charging Effortlessly
A Lonely Mid-River Runner



#### WANDER LUST

Birds, new buds, and butterflies, follow warm winds.

So did I, once.

Now, I drown in cold coffee, and burn fragile wings on stale cigarettes.

-- Elisia Bradley



Brown roots, digging behind wire. Decorative prison. Deceiving beauty. Rusted with lies. Some sit behind bars waiting to be freed. Some speak as smoothly as the arcs at the top of their cage.

I can't speak poetry or remain patient behind the wire arcs. I can't ignore their presence, and I can't always escape.

Escape, risk of joining the unknown. Escape to the other side, who is in. . . them or me?

The Sleepers. Empty eyes of calloused Sleep. The Sleepers know what to do every proper hour of every dated day.

And I, running over wild green humps of grass, green, blue, orange encircling me without object or time, know nothing. What to do with my opened eyes, my freed limbs.

I am fire. Hot intense fire.
Finding Air, he shares my wakening. His love is the sound in my mind. Still, I learn to burn alone. Fly and flap, create winds to carry my fiery myth.
Paradox burns within, flies free and fools me into caged life sometimes. But Paradox has two sides. The side I've chosen laughs because it is so young, so flimsy, so empty of choosers. Better to be on the weak end of an overweighted balance than fluttering madly inside rusted wires where only sense makes sense.

By time of my heart, in the direction of purposeless feet, I move fastest . . . where, behind the wire, no one moves and becomes thwarted by stagnation of their motionless minds. But they can laugh it off. Go ahead, laugh it off baby.

In this translucent bubble, my blue tubed words are only vibrations inside an echo listening, vibrating and moving are embryonic fluids. I am only an egg. The Sleepers call me back; come, come back to the nucleus of senseless sense. Outside the wires I grow stronger and choose not to go inside, not to come down... no matter how seductive their laughter.

PREGNANT

WOMB BOUND CELL GROWTH
THRASHES NUMEROUS TIMES
JOYFUL NAMEGIVING RITUAL
CONCEIVE?

SON RISE

BROWN EYES, NIMBLE

STANDING, YELLING, CRIB BOUND

BELOVED LEARNER - MY TEACHER

BRIGHT ONE!

-- Chip Phelps

DEFINITION

TELEPATHIC THOUGHTS...

BUTTERFLY WINGS COLLIDING

WITH UNKNOWN LAMPLIGHT.

BLUE SPECKLED EGG

NESTLED SOFTLY IN FLAXEN STRAW.

--Louise Osborne

#### ANOTHER HEARTBREAK SONG

This evening you went out alone, you said you'd be back early. The sound of the noisy old car faded away, leaving the house too quiet.

I did all the dishes and fed the dog.
I dumped ashtrays and stacked empty bottles in the corner with those of yesterday and the day before. I turned on the T.V.,

but watched the clock.
You should have been back by now.
I promised myself that no damn man would make me cry, not ever,

and picked up a book, pretending to read. But tears blurred the words like the wind ripples reflections on the mirror surface of a pond.

To lighten the hours I called an old friend. He came and drank your beer while I cried on his shoulder. He pulled me closer saying, "It's been a long time,"

but he couldn't ease my pain. He left late, and you returned, drunk, demanding breakfast. You saw no trace of another lover, no trace of tears.

-- Katy Nielsen



#### THE LAST DAY OF A HUNTING DOG

Curled like a snail by the stove, wet gray fur and brittle bones soak fire's heat.
Gnawing muscles fight movement; only memories move at will.

Never again victory, the last teal has been hunted. Never again bark at fighting trout, chase the ocean surf, or captain our ship across glass. Brown eyes stare knowing, never again.

--Steve Fick



## The Honeybee

### fiction by Kirk McKinley

The eight year old boy lay in the stub grass on the sunny side of the hedge. He was intent on the Mason jar and his chin was cupped in his palms. Every minute or so the boy would "Ooh" and "Aha." The jar held his attention, and he didn't hear his uncle walk up from behind.

"What're you doin' there Johnnyboy?"

"Watchin' the fight."

"In that jar?"

"Yup." There indeed was a fight in the jar. About twenty small black ants were attacking a dazed honeybee in the transparent arena. The jar lid was sealed tight, and there were no nail holes punched in it for air. It was obvious the bee wished it had some fresh air. It was also obvious the lack of air didn't bother the ants in the least. They swarmed the bee and tried to pull it apart with their pinchers. The bee unsuccessfully tried to kick them away, and was about to succumb. The uncle squatted down by the boy, and watched the last struggles of the trapped bee. Finally it kicked for the last time and lay still. The ants picked it up and carried it clockwise in the jar.

The uncle spoke, "Kind of reminds me of the Christians and the lions." The boy rolled over on his side, propped his head up on his right arm and looked at his uncle. "The Christians and the lions? What is that?"

"There were some people a long time ago-- the Romans-- in Italy, who would put people--Christians--in a stadium, and make them fight lions."

The boy was interested. "Who won uncle?"

"Why the lions, of course." He smiled at the boy who was disappointed at the reply. They both fell quiet in thought. Johnny was the first to speak. "Why would they do that uncle?"

"Why I guess for the same reason you were watchin' the bee and ants fight." He reached out and roughed Johnny's close-cropped hair. "C'mon, let's go feed the chickens." The uncle reached over and unscrewed the jar lid. We'll let these ants out. OK?"

Johnny spoke with innocent assurance, "No, I think I'll leave the lid on. It's better that way." He screwed the lid back on. His uncle looked dubious, but didn't protest.

The sky was beginning to yellow, and the oid metal barn appeared newer than it was. "Your father and I built this chicken coop when we were not much older than yourself, John. It's held together a long time now." He chuckled. "Been a lot of chickens that lived and died in it. That's for sure." They were under the eave which housed the coop when the uncle gestured to his left. "That there's the chopping block where we do in the birds." He picked up the hatchet and rubbed his fingers down the blade. "Gettin' a little dull. See the bloodstains there," and pointed up the side of the hatchet blade.

"Do they really run around when their heads are cut off? Will one chop go all the way through the neck? What does the head do?" The uncle raised his hand, "Whoa, hold on there Johnnyboy, slow down. I guess rather than answering all those questions, I'll just have to kill one for you. I've got a young cock to thin out. The sun's low, so they'll be fairly quiet. You like that?" Johnny clapped his hands. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

"But we'll feed them first. Here." He handed the boy a rusty Folgers coffee can. "Fill this up with the feed in that sack over there." He pointed

to a sack leaning against the wall. "But first we'd better grab that cock." He picked up a gunny sack and entered the coop. His experience with chickens showed as he easily scooped up the fleeing cock. "We'll get you while you're still tender." He stuffed the Rhode Island Red in the sack and set it outside the coop. It lay quiet in its dark surroundings.

Johnny started to enter the coop; the Folgers can in his hand. As he stepped through the threshold the hens rushed him and one pecked at a fray in his trousers. The aggressiveness of the birds made Johnny panic and he dropped the can spilling the feed into a pile at his feet. The uncle kicked back his head and laughed loudly. "All they want is the food. See." The chickens fought to get at the food, unaware of Johnny. Johnny's uncle picked up the can: the boy followed him through the screen door. "Latch the door. would you. They don't need any water. Let's proceed to the chopping block. I'll get my coveralls. You stay here. I'll be right back."

Johnny watched his uncle hurry off then turned to the still gunny sack. He prodded the sack with a stick. The young rooster cackled from inside. He prodded it harder and the cock cackled louder. He was doing this when his uncle returned with coveralls in hand.

"Uncle. Can I kill the chicken?"
The uncle was stepping through the coveralls. He looked up. "What will your mom think about that?"

The boy threw down the stick. "She won't care. Please!"

"I guess it'll be allright. But I'll hold it for you. Why don't you try a couple of chops. I don't want you cuttin' my hand off now."

The chicken had fallen quiet again in the dark security of the gunny sack.

"The uncle arched his back as he slipped his arms through the coverall sleeves. He pulled the front zipper up quickly. The sound of steel on wood echoed against the metal wall of the barn. Johnny measured each practice blow. He had difficulty getting the hatchet out of the block after each chop.

The uncle coughed hard, then examined the phlegm in his palm. He wiped

his hand on the leg of the stained coveralls. He spit. "Let's do it, John." The boy stopped chopping. The uncle walked over to the still gunny sack and slowly rolled it back. The cock cooed as he picked it up. "You ever hypnotize a chicken, John?" The uncle had the chicken lying in one weathered hand, and with the other began gently stroking the bird's underneck. The bird lay still, blinking it's redrimmed eyes.

The uncle walked carefully to the maple block. He knelt and held the cock offcenter just above the wood so that its stiff neck centered over the core of the block. He gave the bird one final stroke on the neck. "You want me to let go so you can see it run around?"

The chicken's eyes were open when the ax fell. It was a clean cut. The head fell in the dirt. It's eye rapidly contracted and dilated, like the heat of a heart. It was staring at Johnny and he couldn't tear his eyes away.

The uncle dropped the bird's body. The feathers and skin of the neck rolled back a few inches. Exposed was the slick yellow and pink neck muscles, which looked like a hose as it spurted blood. The white feathers caught the flying red droplets and the bird looked like a painter's dropcloth. The bird's feet churned and it started on its last headless odyssey, running like a gawky child.

Johnny was still staring at the throbbing eyeball when the headless chicken ran up his frontside. He screamed and dropped the hatchet. He pushed the clawing chicken from his face. His ears roared, and his nostrils flared. The chicken fell to the dirt, kicked for the last time and lay still. Blood slowly pumped from its naked neck.

The uncle watched the boy run into the setting sun. His frenzied figure silhouetted against the fiery red orb.

The uncle reached down and picked up the still torso. He stuffed it in the gunny sack, and picked up the head. He looked at the dead staring eyes. "Now who was the bee, and who was the ant?" He walked slowly toward the hedge.

#### DICHOTOMY

The galactic forces squeezed from a dying star lie throbbing within the newborn calf beside me in the meadow.

#### EUTHANASIA

Only a trace of blood remains my job is done the agonies of life quiver out the muscles and in a final breath are expired through the gaping mouth

yet, I linger knowing death needs no audience.

#### THE CALL/TWO PARTS

Masquerading as another's conscience I administer false hopes through polyethylene tubing into the aquifers of a dying animal.

Anguished by my charades and aware of death's desires I abandon my technologies and retreat into the forest to dignify this creature's destiny.

#### WALTER AND HIS COW

In the vernal twilight
Walter waits beside his cow
shriveled in his overalls
with a pocketbook in hand
he sits reading
upon stacked wood
in a meadow he once cleared.

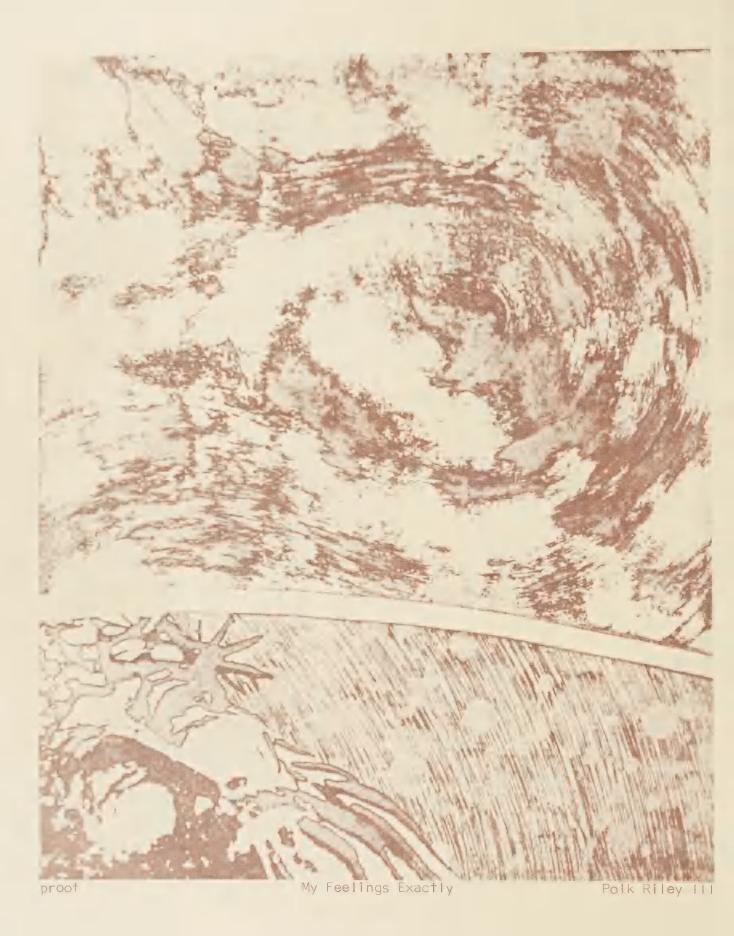
half-conscious his cow lies nearby the victim of parturition's strange biochemistry.

the forest is subdued even the adolescent grasses pause intoxicated by this herbal night I fumble for my expertise.

-- Russ Hunter

#### DOING BUSINESS

He said his mare was sick the sun broke through gray clouds in fresh children faces She had just foaled a ballet of swallows danced beneath the barn eaves And now she wasn't eating verdant meadows staggered under the burden of summer grasses He described some other symptoms a constellation of white daisies waited beside me I'm not sure what I said two ravens called out 1 turned and followed them into the evening forest.



### Entrance

an excerpt from an unfinished novel by Diane Hankins

Barlevous entered the kitchen and beckoned me. "Where is Stephenos?"

"He stopped to talk with a friend, lord."

Barlevous frowned, a worried expression on his face. He turned to the young slave sitting on the stool beside me. "Quickly, find Stephenos. Tell him Stironus is here." The boy ran out the door as Barlevous continued, "Tolivar, be very careful in what you say. Stironus is a man of power. He could have you questioned, even put to death, if he finds out the truth." He chewed his lower lip, then shrugged. "You are in the hands of the gods. They delivered you to Stephenos and now we shall know if you are meant to stay his."

I slowly followed him through the house to the quest room. I wondered if

Stironus had deliberately waited until Stephenos was not at home. At the thought, my stomach tightened into knots.

Stironus looked me over cooly and at length as I stood waiting before him. With a small nod, almost of satisfaction, he gestured toward the floor. "Sit facing me, that I may watch you as you talk." He waited until I was sitting cross-legged in front of him. "What is your name, slave?"

"lan Tolivar Hamish Alistair Bruce MacNeil. I am called Tolivar."

His eyebrows raised. "Are such names common among your people?"

I hesitated, wondering why he questioned me. Stephenos and his father had been careful about the story they'd told concerning me. The only other

person who knew the truth was Stephenos' uncle and he lived in Itea, a long distance from Delphi.

"Well?"
"Yes."

"You are called Tolivar? Does it have special meaning?"

"It is a name given from second

son to second son in my family."

Stironus studied me. "Second son." he mused. "So, you are a second son of a second son. The first would learn his father's trade and be educated. What, second son, were you trained for? To be a soldier?"

"No."

"What, then?"

"I was given...a general education. so that I could find...what I wanted to do."

Again Stironus' eyebrows raised, "What you wanted to do? So. Your family must have been rich." A small malicious smile crossed his face. "I doubt you wanted to be a slave. I'm surprised you were not held for ransom. Were you?"

I shook my head.

"Where do your people live, second son?"

I wondered what he'd say if I told him the truth: Glasgow, Scotland. I'd last seen them in 1861, almost two years ago.

"Why do you hesitate, second son? Do you fear you will be sent back?"

"A s'ave does not receive his freedom that easily, does he?"

"Tolivar! You forget yourself!"

Barlevous spoke warningly.

! looked at the floor. "I am shamed, father of my lord Stephenos." Watch yourself, don't antagonize him, I warned myself.

"Where do your people live, Tol:var the slave?" Stironus asked again.

"They live far to the north and a-cross a sea."

He studied me. Finally he asked, "If this is true, why were you so far from your home?"

The woven curtain covering the doorway rustled slightly and Stephenos appeared. "Greetings, Father. Greetings, Stironus," he said as he crossed the room. He stopped by me; with the toe of one dusty sandal he gently nudged my foot. "Have you caused trou-

ble, slave?"

I looked up at Stephenos. "Not

knowingly, my lord,"

"I heard he was from the north, Stephenos. I hope to secure information concerning war preparations of our enemies. Thus I came to question him. I asked permission of your father since you were not here."

Stephenos spread his hands apart above my head. He is slow to learn some things. My father told you this?"

Stironus inclined his head. Once.

"He forgets himself," Stephenos continued. "Also, he still has trouble with his words. Are you through questioning him?"

"No, Stephenos, I am not through."
"Sit down if you will stay," Barlevous said.

Stephenos dropped down beside his father on the couch. Stironus resumed his questioning.

"Tell me, second son, what did you see as you traveled? You need not tell me of Rome, for always she is prepared."

"I did not see any of the places I passed through preparing for war," I answered slowly. France and Italy, united under Napolean II, the Ionian Islands and Greece, modern Greece, that was, had all been basically peaceful. I couldn't remember enough history or geography to know what lay north of here. Except a certain mountain, a cave, and a trap I'd fallen through.

Stironus sighed. "You do not will-

ingly tell anything, do you?"

"He does not have a good command of the language," Stephenos answered.

Stironus glanced at him sharply.
"Better, I suspect, than you think. I doubt that he is the slow-wit he appears." He transferred his gaze back to me. "All right," he said after a moment. "I may send for him to answer in more detail, Stephenos." He stood up.
"Thank you, Barlevous, Stephenos. I leave you now."

"Stephenos, my son, you should consider a trip," Barlevous said as he returned to the room a few moments later. "I fear Stironus' suspicions have been aroused about Tolivar. Since when has he worried about war?" He paused, frowning in my direction, thinking. "He is one who would willingly ask that Tolivar be examined by the authorities.

He hesitates because he is not completely sure what he suspects is the truth. You did not help yourself by your show of slow-wittedness, Tolivar.

"Well, what's done.... Your uncle plans a trading trip along the Great Sea. You will leave in the morning to join him. And Stephenos..."

"My father?"

"You'd best travel with speed."

\* \* \*

I looked up from the tunics Stephenos was haggling over. I'm glad his uncle let us off today, I thought. I grinned to myself, thinking of the poor help we'd been since our arrival in Jerusalem; actually the whole trip. First, I'd proven a poor sailor, sick for almost a week after our departure from Athens. Then Stephenos slipped, twisted his ankle, and caused it to swell twice normal size. Jerusalem, however, was visibly excited. It was Passover time, and the Roman Governor was in town.

My eyes wandered over the market area. Everything was vaguely familiar; I frowned in thought, then recognized the feeling. I'd read about all this in my studies. It reminded me, too, of the market in Delphi, only this was much dirtier. I wished for a camera, although I doubted anyone would believe any pictures authentic, even if I could get them back. Which I couldn't. I had a sudden vision of myself showing pictures to a paying audience, saying: "Ah, yes, this scene is of the market area of the City of David. Please note: In the upper left hand corner you can see part of Mount Zion on which the temple is built. To your right, if you look carefully, you can see the tunic and one elbow of my owner, Stephenos." I laughed and Stephenos looked up at me.

"What amuses you?"

I shook my head, "Just thinking, my lord."

Sudden shouting drew my attention. Across the market square a noisy, pushy crowd was slowly moving, flowing around the stalls and baskets of the merchants. The robes of the temple priests occasionally showed in the gathering, their red and gold colors standing out.

There was an opening, offering me

a brief glimpse of the men in the center of the crowd. They were dusty, tired looking, as if they had come a long distance on foot. Yet they had an air of jubilation about them. More pilgrims come to celebrate the Passover, I thought.

I turned back and glanced at Stephenos. He was still involved with the stall-keeper. Quietly I sighed, feeling grimy and sweaty. The heat reflected off buildings, the cobbled market area, the outer walls. Even the well where the women were drawing water reflected the noon-time heat.

"Tolivar, I feel free with my uncle's money." Stephenos looked me over thoughtfully. "You're in need of new clothing. A tunic, sandals, hair band." He turned back to the merchant. "My uncle does not often buy clothes for my slave, so we must have something good. Do you see any you like, Tolivar?"

"How about this one?" I picked up a tunic of very fine linen, a broad gold border carefully woven down the sides and around the hem.

"You have a death wish?" Stephenos asked. amused.

"Gold is not for slaves?" I asked, mock serious.

"Here, young master," the merchant interrupted, "is one suitable for a slave in an honored household. It would fit your man nicely."

As we both studied the tunic a sudden sense of unreality siezed me. The last time I bought clothes was just before I left Edinburgh. Oh, lord, that's been a year and a half ago and a lifetime away.

Stephenos thrust the clothing he'd bought at me. We wandered through the crowds, sometimes stopping to look or to buy. Stephenos bought a cluster of purple grapes and we sat in the shade cast by the outer wall to eat them.

"My lord, there is a man who seems to be everywhere we are. He is standing on one foot a short distance to your left."

Stephenos chewed a mouthful of grapes, turned his head and casually spit out the seeds. "Do you mean the fat greasy one who looks in need of a bath?"

I nodded agreement, and as if summoned, the man moved daintily towards "Good Master," he said to Stephenos, his eyes roaming over me, "May I have a word with you? Your slave," he continued without pause, "is very striking in appearance. That is to say, he looks strong. And able. I...could use one like him." His voice, deep and thick, almost crooned. "How much would you ask for him?"

"He is not for sale."

"Come now, Good Master. I will pay you a fair price. You would be able to buy another slave. There are good markets here in Jerusalem and down in Caesarea." His voice dropped, became soft with longing. "It is not often one sees a man with such pale skin, such thick black hair so straight, blue eyes of that color. His lashes are thick, like a woman's. And his hands, long. . . ." Almost unconsciously he reached out to touch me.

Angry yet wary, I moved backward,

standing out of reach.

Stephenos also stood up. "Get you gone," he said. "My slave is not for the likes of you. I took blood oath never to sell him. Come," he gestured to me.

I gathered up our bundles hastily and followed Stephenos, leaving the man standing there, his lower lip thrust out, disappointment clear on his face.

"Stephenos, my lord, you will never go to heaven telling lies. What

blood oath?"

"Don't be insolent or I shall make a blood oath using your blood. Besides, you have been in my world long enough to know Greeks don't go to heaven. Only people from your strange time do. Let's take these things to our lodgings, then go to the public baths. I feel in need of one."

It was mid-afternoon when we entered a Roman bath house. It was cool inside, with the smell of water, soap, wet hair, and wet bodies. The room we found ourselves in contained narrow raised slabs of marble with several layers of toweling and cloth draped over for cushioning. A few were occupied by men being rubbed with scented oil by slaves. An attendant appeared through a doorway and approached us. He bowed before Stephenos.

"My lord, you wish a bath?"

"Please. Also my slave."

"Follow me, my lord." He led us into another room, divided in half. One side contained square individual sunken tubs, built up about twelve inches from the floor. Each tub had wide steps leading down into it, so that the bather could sit at the depth he preferred. The other side of the room also held sunken tubs, but these were big, with room enough for three or four men.

Stephenos nodded towards the big

ones. "One of these will do."

The attendant clapped his hands, then gave quick orders to the slave who responded. He turned to me. "Come. I will show you where slaves bathe. Would you object to my staying to talk with you as you bathe? We do not often get travelers from Greece."

As we talked, he asked a question which startled me. "Have you seen the man who, it is claimed, performs miracles? There are several who travel with him. It is said that he is a great teacher. The Pharisees do not like him."

When I rejoined Stephenos, he looked lazily up at me from the steamy tub he reclined in. "You look much better. I've decided to have a rubdown. Tolivar, go find my uncle and see if our presence is required tonight at dinner. He's probably still with the merchants who met with him this morning. Maybe you should check the market place first, just in case." He stopped, a puzzled frown in his eyes. "Sit down a moment, Tolivar, there is something else." When the attendant was out of hearing, he demanded, "What is wrong?"

I looked at Stephenos straightly. "There is a band of men here. If what I suspect is correct, one of them is a man who is worshipped even in my own time."

"Are you sure?"

I shrugged. "The attendant didn't know his name, but what he know fits." I paused. Then, "I think I saw nis follower earlier."

Stephenos straightened up and reached for the soap held in the mouth of a small carved dolphin attached to the side of the tub. "We will go to find him. Go ask my uncle, then see if you can find out where the man is. Do not linger long, my friend. Nor will

The glare outside was blinding. I paused a moment, blinking, letting my eyes adjust to the brightness. As I started on towards the market place a couple of blocks away, I searched my memory. Were there other bands of men besides this one? I suddenly regretted my lack of information.

Now I tried to revive my memories, swearing silently because all I could think of was Christmas Eve and Easter. Which was no help because both were Christian holidays and these people weren't that.

I shook my head. The time sequence was all wrong anyway, I suspected. Not that I really knew for sure what time period I was in, except Rome was a big power and Greece was not.

A sudden cuff sent me stumbling. "You stupid slave! Pay attention to whom you would walk in front of! Get out of the way of a holy man!" A kick sent me sprawling to the dusty street. I swung around; swift hands held me back.

"Be still! Do you wish to be meat for his whip?" came an urgent whisper.

For a moment I strained against the hands, almost uncontrollably angry. Then I took a deep breath and forced myself to relax. Not until the man and his retinue were gone did the unseen holders release me.

Slowly I got to my feet, slapping the dust off my legs and tunic. Anger and bitterness clotted my throat. I glanced around, but whoever had held me back was gone. A few people looked at me curiously; most ignored me. That was one advantage to being a slave.

l entered the market place and paused, carefully out of the way. Near at hand a woman with time-worn hands, her face covered, sat on the ground surrounded by pottery. Beyond her about seventy feet was the well. An equal distance beyond a thick, almost silent crowd sat at the feet of a man who rested on a large teaching stone.

I stopped by the woman. I pointed to a double handled cup and she held it up to me. I took it, handing her some money without even asking the cost.

"Who is that?" I asked, gesturing in the direction of the crowd.

The woman shrugged. "Who knows?

A man who cures diseases, who tells of Yahweh's love at the same time. A teacher, a healer. Who knows?"

I moved away, leaving her mumbling, and stopped in the shade of the well. I drew the bucket up with its burden of cold water, and filled the cup. As I drank from it I turned to study the man sitting so calm as people questioned him.

He appeared to be of average height, a strong slender build, a well-tanned fair complexion. His hair was light brown with a distinct red coloration. He wore it as most men did, almost touching his shoulders. His eyes, greyish-blue, were large. He looked up over the heads of the people below him, directly at me. And suddenly I was reliving my last day at home.

My father faced me across his desk, his eyes fierce. The curtains had been opened and I could see the wind-pushed rain as it struck against the windows behind him, hiding the buildings of Glasgow. A peat fire burned smokily in the old stone fireplace. My brother Robert sat hunched on a stool beside the fire, hoping father had forgotten his presence.

"I've worked since I was but six years. I worked and struggled, your mother beside me, until I had enough money and backing to start my own business. I've done my best to see your sisters married well, better than we had any right to hope for. And your brother Donald settled, too. But you! You! 'His marks are so good, it's a shame not to let him go.' And I, God forgive me, listened to your mother. I paid for you to go to the University."

He paused briefly, to take a deep breath. "Now, sir," his voice was low and cold, "you have the nerve to stand here and tell me you don't want to spend your life running a factory. Or even do an honest man's work. No, indeed! You want to spend your life painting, like some pampered, puling nobleman's wife! No, by God, I forbid it. You shan't return to Edinburgh. Your professor can find some other fool to take the Grand Tour and draw his pretty little pictures of other lands for him and you can start tomorrow at the factory. It's time you forgot all the nonsense your head's been stuffed with and learn the trade. I won't discuss it anymore. Now get changed into proper clothing. It will soon be time to leave for church."

This was the first time I'd ever openly disagreed with my father. All my life he'd decided my future, without concern as to whether I agreed or not. I couldn't let it happen again; I had to win this argument or I would never be my own man.

"No, Father. We are going to discuss it more. I gave my word I'd go with them. I intend to do just that. I'm not going to spend my life in your

damned factory!"

"Robert, be gone. At once."

We stared at each other as the door closed behind my brother.

"Repeat that." Fury cracked his voice.

"I am going with them! For once in my life I'm going to do what I want to do, not what you want! I'm a man, damme, not a child like Robert!"

"Your behavior is the same!"

"Then Robert is more of a man than you realize!"

"All right. If you're a man, then how do you propose to cover your expenses? Did you think your stupid father would just hand over money taken from a damned factory you're too proud to sully your hands working in?" He strode around the desk as he spoke. He stopped in front of me, his face red with anger. "Bah! What a stupid young ass you are! Get out of here and get changed."

"No! I'm not going with you!" I

shouted at him.

"No?" His voice was soft, dangerous.

My anger and bitterness had swelled beyond caution and good sense. "No! There isn't any God! Darwin says. . ."

His fist came out of nowhere and hit me, knocking me backwards. I fell against a chair and small table sending both crashing to the floor. I lay for a moment, then slowly I regained my feet. Blood was dripping from my mouth and I wiped it off with the back of my hand.

My father still stood where he'd been. His face was white. He looked years older than the forty-eight he was. "When we come back from church, I want you gone. Do not try to communicate

with any of us. Leave behind your plaids. As of this moment, my second son is dead, killed by his own hand. I shall ask the vicar to say the prayers for the dead for your...his...soul."

My hand went out to him in supplication. "Father...!" I cried, stunned. He turned his back on me and left the room, softly closing the door behind him.

"Damn you! Damn you! I shouted

at the closed door.

The vision cleared. I leaned against the well, Shallowly sucking air as wave after wave of emotion swept through me. My blood pumped slow and painfully through my body; the muscles in my legs trembled. The cup slipped, spilling the water back into the well.

I turned my eyes painfully to the stranger, who still watched me. "Forgive me. I believe, I believe," I beg-

ged him silently.

He gazed at me sternly for a long minute. Then his expression softened and he spoke briefly to a man beside him, before he went back to speaking to the people.

The man beside him got up and approached me. Without a word, he lifted the bucket from where it rested on the lip of the well. "Friend," he said as he poured more water into the cup, "I would talk with you a moment." The man smiled as he looked deeply into my eyes. "I am Bartholomew," he said. "The Master asks that you not grieve. For yourself or for him."

My hands shook. "Here. Please. Give him my cup to drink from. It's clean." The water in it spilled a little over the edge.

He took the chalise carefully, then he clasped my arm firmly. "Thank you, friend. Do you know the Master?" he asked curiously.

"I've known of him all my life."
"You grew up in his hometown?"

"Far away from here. Farther than anyone knows. I...oh, dear God!" Blindly I turned away.

Hours later Stephenos found me hunched beneath an olive tree. He looked at me, then without a word he sat down.

"He's real. I saw him. He asked me not to grieve. In two more days they'll kill him and I'm the only one besides him who knows."





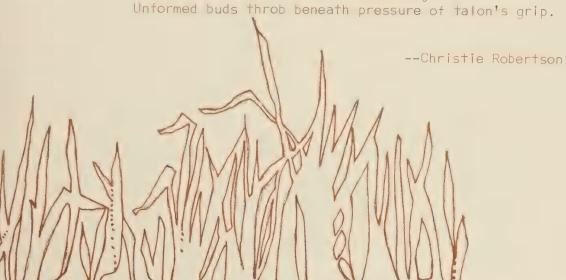


#### WINTER SILHOUETTE

Filigreed birch scratches at winter sky. A thousand wretched fingers stretch—
Then rest, bone weary.

Robin hesitates in keen winter air Like skilled fingers arched in lamplight, Its muscles taut to the wind.

Topmost twigs reach as robin descends—
Touch, join, dip, and hover together,
Branch and bird clenched knuckle to joint.
Unformed buds throb beneath pressure of talon's grip.



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Marcia Curtis, Katy Nielsen, and Christie Robertson recruited the written and graphic works of which  $\underline{Rain}$  is made. Then they pondered the total design, overall statement, and quality of individual works. Finally, they selected the poems, stories, articles, photographs, etchings, drawings, and woodcuts of which they and others made the magazine.

Katy Nielsen served as general editor. She accepted the array of functional, logistic duties that enable everyone else to work efficiently: phone calls, letters, schedules, supplies, and encouragement— all fell within her domain. She also edited some of the prose for production.

Marcia Curtis designed and illustrated the magazine. All the conception of line and value and flow that underlie its visual effect grew from hours of her struggle with the magazine's materials. And, when submitted artworks fell short of the magazine's needs, she created original illustrations to meet those needs.

Christie Robertson turned from her work with recruitment and selection of written materials to editing the poetry and much of the prose for publication. And when she had done that, she took up the T-square, scissors, and managerial duties that go with production of the actual magazine. She, with the help of Stewart Poppino, pasted up the page layouts; then she saw to the liaison with those providing platemaking and printing services.

Several people helped with parts of the production process. Norma Riley typed all the poetry and prose into galleys. David Holmes did the photographic copy work on those artworks needing reduction in size. Daniel Robertson printed the photos and put hours into achieving special photographic effects. Marilyn Cook created special order calligraphy for headings. Ken Bue and his Daily Astorian crew created the metal offset plates for printing. Bob Gwinn and his staff at Clatsop College's copy center printed the magazine.

Ralph Wirfs provided general advice and instruction to the staff, in matters of production and editing techniques. Stan Wanlass worked closely with Marcia Curtis, advising the overall design of the publication.

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RAIN's editors invite contributions from any Lower Columbia region resident. Send works to RAIN, Clatsop Community College, Astoria, Oregon 97103. Annual deadline for submission is March 31. Include self-addressed stamped envelope.

All opinions and attitudes expressed are those of the individual writers, artists, or staff members involved. RAIN is not intended, in any respect, to represent the official attitudes or views of Clatsop Community College, its Board of Directors, Trustees, Administration or Faculty.

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RAIN, cover etching by Marcia Curtis







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